

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

# Rocky Lane

NO. 58

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

## WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO SLEEP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight\* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

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Not one child yet has failed to go far and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY \$1.**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablets! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing end vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutrients easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your body to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!



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Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified as they carry the name A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC POWER • CHIMNEY WESTERN SERIES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FEMMY ANIMALS  
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 SWEETHEARTS • THE BITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIEK SHERES • TV TRENDS • THE TUNG  
 Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

## Rocky Lane <sup>in</sup> GANG WAR!

LOOK AT THIS, ROCKY! HERE'S A LETTER FROM WILFRED FAYNE... BANKER OVER IN JAMISON CITY. HE WRITES THAT ED HILLIARD, WHO RUNS A GENERAL STORE THERE, HAS MORE THAN \$60,000 IN HIS ACCOUNT! FAYNE CLAIMS IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE FOR HILLIARD TO MAKE THAT MUCH MONEY—AND HE SUSPECTS HILLIARD MAY BE TIED UP WITH A GANG THAT'S BEEN PLUNDERING THAT TERRITORY LATELY!

I'VE READ ABOUT THAT OUTFIT, CHIEF! THEY'VE WORKED SO SUCCESSFULLY THAT NO ONE EVEN KNOWS WHO'S IN THE BAND!



NOT YET, ANYWAY! BUT IF FAYNE'S RIGHT, THIS CAN BE A LEAD AT LAST! HILLIARD MIGHT EVEN BE THE LEADER! I'D LIKE YUH TO GO TO JAMISON CITY AND CHECK!

OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL GET STARTED PRONTO! BY THE TIME I GET THERE, I SHOULD HAVE A GOOD APPROACH WORKED OUT!

THE SECRET MARSHAL RIDES TO JAMISON CITY AND, AFTER GETTING A ROOM, HEADS FOR ED HILLIARD'S GENERAL STORE...

HOWDY, PARTNER! JUST BREEZED INTO TOWN AND LOOKING FOR WORK! KNOW OF ANY EASY JOB I CAN LATCH ONTO?

WHAT CAN YUH DO, STRANGER?

MOST ANYTHING! BUT I'M HANDY WITH A GUN...AND NOT TOO PARTICULAR WHAT I HAVE TO DO! JUST TAKE A GANDER AT THIS!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



A BULLET HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLE... SEE? THINK YOU CAN PLACE ME, MR. HILLIARD?

SORRY... I DON'T KNOW OF ANYTHING, 'SPECIALY EASY JOBS! FOLKS AROUND INAR WORK HARD FER THEIR MONEY!



IN CASE YOU DO HEAR OF ANYTHING THAT SUITS MY TALENTS, I'D APPRECIATE YOUR LETTING ME KNOW! I'M STAYING IN A ROOM ABOVE THE GAMBLING CASINO.



SURE DREW A BLANK! IF HILLIARD IS TIED UP WITH THAT GANG, HE DIDN'T LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG BY OFFERING ME A JOB WITH HIS OUTFIT! MAYBE MY APPROACH... PRETENDING TO BE A GUNNY... WASN'T SO GOOD!

BUT ROCKY'S APPROACH IS BETTER THAN HE THOUGHT! FOR, LATE THAT EVENING, AT JUD WALLACE'S FARM, OUTSIDE OF TOWN, THERE IS A MEETING OF ED HILLIARD, PROSPECTOR, JIM HAWKINS, FARMER WALLACE AND BUD, COLEY AND HURD, THE HIRED HANDS...



WHAT'S THE MEETING ABOUT, HILLIARD? GOT ANOTHER JOB LINED UP?

YES, BUT NOT OUR USUAL KIND, WALLACE! A MAVERICK DRIFTED INTO MY STORE TODAY, AND I SUSPECT HE'S A LANDOO HERE TO SNOOP AROUND!



I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I DON'T AIM TO TAKE ANY CHANCES! HE SAID HE'S STOPPING IN THE ROOM ABOVE THE GAMBLING HALL!

I GET YEH, HILLIARD! YUH WANT US TO RUB YA OUT, EN?



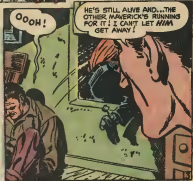
RIGHT! YUH AND BUD TAKE CARE OF 'IM! BUT MAKE SURE HE DON'T DRAW HIS SIX-GUN... HE CAN DO TRICKS WITH THAT SHOOTING IRON! THAT'S WHY I THINK HE'S THAT SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE!

WE'LL CHECK ON THAT... GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



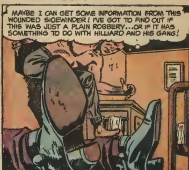
BUT ROCKY'S GREAT STRENGTH PAYS OFF...



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



I DON'T SEE HIM! NO USE  
GOING AFTER HIM...NOT MUCH  
CHANCE FINDING ANYONE IN  
THIS DARKNESS!



MAYBE I CAN GET SOME INFORMATION FROM THIS  
WOUNDED SIDEWINDER! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF  
THIS WAS JUST A PLAIN ROBBERY...OR IF IT HAS  
SOMETHING TO DO WITH HILLIARD AND HIS GANG!



I...GASP!...I'M DYING! WANT  
CONSCIENCE...TO BE...CLEAN! HILLIARD  
...GASP! SUSPECTED YOU WERE A  
LAWDOG...SENT US...GASP!...  
TO KILL YOU!

SO THAT'S IT, EH?  
QUICK...WHO ARE THE  
OTHER HOMBRES IN  
THE GANG?

TOO LATE...HE'S DEAD! BUT I'VE GOT THE DOPE  
ON HILLIARD...AND ONCE HE KNOWS THE JIS IS  
UP HE'LL PROBABLY BLAB ABOUT HIS HENCH-  
MEN! I'LL GO AFTER HIM RIGHT AWAY!

BUT  
ALL THIS  
HAS BEEN  
OVER-  
HEARD  
BY WALLACE  
...



GOOD THING I SNEAKED BACK AND  
LISTENED FROM THAT PORCH...LANE  
IS WISE TO HILLIARD...I GOTTA GET  
TO HIM BEFORE THE LAWDOGS DOES!



WALLACE SPEEDS BACK TO HILLIARD'S PLACE...

HOW'D IT GO,  
WALLACE? DID  
YOU...HUH?  
W-WHAT'S THE  
GAM, PER?

TO FINISH YUH OFF, HILLIARD! THAT  
CRITTER WAS ROCKY LANE...HE  
KILLED BUD! BUT BEFORE BUD  
DIED HE SQUEALED ABOUT YUH  
BEING THE GANG LEADER! THE REST  
OF US AREN'T SAFE AS LONG AS Y'RE  
ALIVE!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I'M GONNA  
KILL YUH  
BEFORE LANE  
GETS HERE!  
YOU WON'T  
HAVE THE CHANCE  
TO GIVE THE REST  
OF US AWAY!

YOU'RE NOT WORRIED  
ABOUT ME BLAB-  
BING, WALLACE...  
YOU'RE GONNA  
PLUS ME SO  
YOU CAN BE  
LEADER OF  
THE GANG!

THAT'S THE TRUTH,  
HILLIARD! NOW WE  
GOT ONE LESS GUY  
TO CUT IN ON THE  
SWAG!

A-NO...  
ARGHHH!



THAT'S THE END OF HIM!  
GOOD THING LANE DIDN'T GET  
A LOOK AT MY FACE TONIGHT...  
NOW I CAN ROUND UP THE REST  
OF THE GANG AND BRING 'EM  
UP TO DATE!



**S**HORTLY  
AFTER,  
ROCKY  
ARRIVES AT  
HILLIARD'S  
PLACE...



WHAT THE...HE'S DEAD! WHY  
SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO MURDER  
THE HEAD OF THE GANG...UNLESS IT  
WAS THAT OTHER VARMINT WHO TRIED  
TO KILL ME? HE MUST'VE HEARD HIS  
SIDEKICK TALKING BEFORE HE DIED...  
AND FINISHED HILLIARD BEFORE I  
COULD GET HIM TO NAME NAMES!

WHOEVER DID THIS SURE MESSED  
THINGS UP FOR ME! OUTSIDE OF  
HILLIARD I DON'T HAVE THE  
SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHO ELSE  
IS IN THE GANG! I'M BACK WHERE  
I STARTED...WAIT! THERE'S  
ONE POSSIBLE LEAD...AND I  
AM TO FOLLOW IT RIGHT NOW!



MEANWHILE, AT WALLACE'S FARM...

YUH HAD NO  
CALL TO KILL  
HILLIARD!  
MESSE HE  
WOULDN'T  
HAVE  
SQUEALED!

I DIDN'T AIM TO TAKE THAT  
CHANCE! I PROTECTED YOU  
GUYS, TOO...ANYWAY, IT'S DONE!  
FROM NOW ON YUH TAKE ORDERS  
FROM ME! I'M THE NEW HEAD  
OF THIS OUTRY!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MEANWHILE, IN THE BANK IN TOWN...

SORRY TO GET YOU DOWN TO THE BANK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, MR. FRYNE, BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT!

GLAD TO DO ANYTHING TO HELP ROUND UP THE REST OF THAT GANG, ROCKY! I'LL LOOK UP HILLIARD'S ACCOUNT LIKE YOU ASKED!

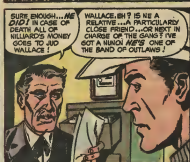
IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IN SMALL TOWNS WHERE THERE'S NO LAWYER, MEN SOMETIMES LEAVE THEIR WILLS WITH THE BANK!

THAT'S RIGHT, ROCKY. I DON'T RECALL IF HILLIARD EVER MADE ANY PROVISIONS LIKE THAT...WE'LL SOON SEE!



SURE ENOUGH...HE DID! IN CASE OF DEATH ALL OF HILLIARD'S MONEY GOES TO JUD WALLACE!

WALLACE, EH? IS HE A RELATIVE...A PARTICULARLY CLOSE FRIEND...OR NEXT IN CHARGE OF THE GANGS? I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S ONE OF THE BAND OF OUTLAWS!



I CAN'T JUST BARGE IN AND QUESTION HIM...HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T GIVE HIMSELF AWAY. DO YOU KNOW ANY OF WALLACE'S ASSOCIATES?

NE'S BEEN SEEN WITH PROSPECTOR JIM AND SOME HIRED HANDS WORKING ON RANCHES IN THE TERRITORY!

THEY COULD BE THE REST OF THE GANGS! I THINK I'LL START WITH THE PROSPECTOR...SEE IF I CAN GET ANY INFORMATION FROM HIM! YOU KNOW WHERE HE LIVES?

SURE DO, ROCKY! HE HAS A CABIN JUST PAST THE FORKED ROAD IN THE HILLS!

AS ROCKY SETS OUT FOR THE CABIN, PROSPECTOR JIM BEGINS A QUEST OF HIS OWN...

I'LL RIDE TO WALLACE'S FARM...AND FORCE 'IM TO COUGH UP MY SHARE OF THE LOOT! THEN I'LL HOT-FOOT IT OUTTA TOWN!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WHILE PROSPECTOR JIM IS RACING TOWARD WALLACE'S FARM...

RECKON IT'S TIME TO SHOVE OFF PER PROSPECTOR JIM'S SHACK!

RIGHT WITH YOU! WALLACE IS RIGHT...WE GOTTA KILL 'EM! PRONTO!



LATER, AS ROCKY REACHES THE PROSPECTOR'S CABIN...

NOBODY HERE! HE AND THE REST OF THE GANG MAY BE OUT ON A JOB! IF HE COMES BACK WITH LOOT I'LL HAVE HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS! THEN IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO ROUND UP THE OTHERS! I'LL JUST WAIT HERE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THAT HE IS... SITTING NEAR THE WINDOW! HE MUST'VE FALLEN ASLEEP IN THAT CHAIR!

HE WON'T MAKE UP NO MORE! THE PROSPECTOR MAKES A DANDY TARGET JUST SITTING LIKE THAT!



W-WHAT THE...? I'M BEING SHOT AT!



HE SURE LOOKS DEAD ALL RIGHT!



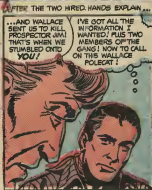
W-WHAT TH...  
OOOOOPH!!

CRACK!

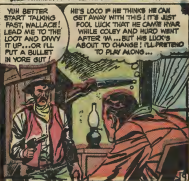


YOU DIDN'T KILL ANY-ONE! I PLAYED POSSUM TO MAKE YOU VARNANTS THINK I WAS DEAD! I JUST WANTED TO GET A CRACK AT YOU!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



MEANWHILE, AT WALLACE'S FARMHOUSE...



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT'S HERE IN THE OLD WELL, STASHED AWAY IN THE BUCKET! I'LL HAUL IT UP AND...HYAR, IT COMES!

KEEP PULLING, LESS'N YUH WANTA DIE RIGHT NOW! I GOT HALF-A-MIND TO TAKE ALL THE LOOT FER MYSELF!

THAT BUCKET...IT LOOKS EMPTY! IF THIS IS A TRI...UNGHHH!

I HAD A FEELING YUH'D FALL FER MY LITTLE DECEPTION, PROSPECTOR JIM!

YUH REALLY EXPECT ME TO HAND OVER ALL THE SPOILS YUH POOL? OVER YUH GO...ONLY THING AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS WELL IS GONNA BE YORE BODY! WHAR NO ONE'LL EVER FIND IT!

SHORTLY AFTER...

SOMEONE'S RIDING... MUST BE COLEY AND HURD! WAIT TILL I TELL 'EM I ALREADY KILLED PROSPECTOR JIM! THEY'LL LAUGH THEIR...HEY! I-I-TS' THAT LANDDOG! HE...HE MUSTA RECOGNIZED ME WHEN BUD AND I TRIED TO KILL 'IM... HE'S TRAILED ME HWAR!

TOO BAD FER YUH, LANE! THIS TIME I'M READY!

AS ROCKY WALKS IN...

UGH!

I'LL DUMP 'IM INTO THE WELL...WHERE HE'LL ROT ALONGSIDE PROSPECTOR JIM'S CORPSE!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



I WON'T EVEN BOTHER PUTTING A BULLET IN HIS CARCASS! THE FALL TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL WILL KILL 'IM SURE AS SHOOTING!

AS ROCKY HURTTLES TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH, THE RUSH OF COOL AIR REVIVES HIM...



W-WHERE AM...  
UHP?...FALLING  
DOWN A WELL! I'LL  
BE KILLED UNLESS  
I CAN...THAT ROPE!  
MY ONLY CHANCE!



GOT IT! WALLACE  
SURPRISED ME...NOW I'M  
GOING TO SURPRISE  
HIM...



FUNKY...I DIDN'T HEAR THE LAW-  
DOG'S BODY HIT BOTTOM! HE  
MIGHT'VE FALLEN ON PROSPECT-  
OR JIM'S BODY OR...ULP!  
I-IT'S HIM...



I-I SHOULD'VE  
PUT A BULLET  
TWEEN YORE  
EYES BEFORE!  
I'M GONNA MAKE  
UP FER THAT  
OVERSIGHT RIGHT  
NOW!

NOT IF I  
CAN HELP  
IT, COYOTE!



YUH WON'T BOTHER  
ME NO LONG...  
OOOOF!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

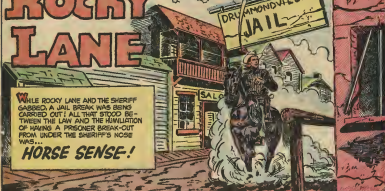


I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SHERIFF CROW ABOUT THIS JAIL OF HIS. PLACE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PRIMAIRE 'MIND WOULD KNOCK IT DOWN! GET RAMBLING, BLACK JACK...WE'VE GOT SERIOUS BUSINESS HERE!

# ROCKY LANE

WHILE ROCKY LANE AND THE SHERIFF GABBED, A JAIL BREAK WAS BEING CARRIED OUT! ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE HUMILIATION OF HAVING A PRISONER BREAK-OUT FROM UNDER THE SHERIFF'S NOSE WAS...

## HORSE SENSE!



CROW'S THE KIND OF LOBO WHO JUST LAUGHS WHEN YOU TELL HIM HIS JAIL IS ASKING TO BE BROKEN OUT OF! HOPE I CAN GET HIM TO PATCH IT UP BEFORE SOMEONE ESCAPES...



HI THERE, MARSHAL! YOU JUST PASSING BY...AND THOUGHT YOU'D DROP IN AND REST YOUR SPINE FOR A SPELL?

NOT EXACTLY, SHERIFF! THE CHIEF SENT ME OVER TO HAVE A POWWOW WITH YOU.



YOU'VE GOT A DANGEROUS KILLER JAILED HERE WAITING TRIAL. IF HE SHOULD ESCAPE BEFORE THE JUDGE ARRIVES...

NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD, MARSHAL! COME INSIDE AND CHEN THE FAT FOR AWHILE... AIN'T A CHANCE IN THE WORLD OF FOXY GARRET BUSTING OUT!



THE FATHERED IDIT! JUST CAUSE HE'S LOOKED THE DOOR HE THINKS I'M TRAPPED! FOXY GARRET'S BUSTED OUTTA TIGHTER CLINKS THAN THIS'N...



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I BETTER WORK FAST. BEFORE THAT DINO MARSHAL FELLER CONVINCES CROW THAT THIS HOOSESOW AIN'T EXACTLY AIRTIGHT! THIS HERE WALL SHOULDOVE BEEN FIRED A YEAR AGO...IT CRUMBLES LIKE DRY SAND! NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING...OF COURSE...



IF I WAS AS CARELESS IN MY LINE OF WORK AS THE SHERIFF IS IN *HIS*, I'DA BEEN HANGED A LONG TIME AGO! ONE MORE SHOVE AND...AH! THESE BARS'RE LOOSEENING UP LIKE OLD TEETH!



NICE OF THE MARSHAL TO LEAVE HIS HORSE SO CONVENIENT! TIME FOR ME TO SAY ADIOS TO DRUMMONDVILLE, I RECKON!



NICE PONY THE FELLER LEFT! JUST RELAX AND BE FRIENDLY, PRL... I'VE FORGED TOUGHER BRONCS THAN YOU! C'MON, LET'S START MOVING!



DON'T GAMME NO TROUBLE, ANIMAL...I AIM TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND THIS CRUNKY TOWN! UNDERSTAND? IF YOU WANNA ACT SASSY, YOU CAN TASTE MY SPURS!



...AND LIKE I SAID, MARSHAL...YOU FELLERS GET ALL ROILED UP OVER NOTHING! I GAVE YOU MY SOLEHMN WORD, ROCKY, THAT THIS JAIL OF MINE IS TIGHT AS A DRUM! AIN'T *NOBODY* CAN...



W-WELL...I'LL BE BOILED IN OIL! THAT'S FOR Y, ALL RIGHT...RUNNING FOR IT! AND ON *YOUR* HORSE, ROCKY!





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP THAT CRAZY KILLER FROM GETTING AWAY...AND TERRORIZING THE WHOLE DANG VALLEY AGAIN! SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR NAG, ROCKY...

PUT YOUR GUN UP, SHERIFF! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY!



SHREEEEEE!



ROCKY LANE'S SHRIEL SIGNAL REACHES BLACK JACK, WHO BEGINS TO THRASH LIKE FORKED LIGHTNING...

H-HEY... CUT IT OUT! WHAT'S G-GOT INTO.... ULPPPP!!



ANOTHER WHISTLE PIERCES THE AIR AND, BEFORE THE DESPERATE CRIMINAL CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE...

T-THE HORSE IS PLUMB CRAZY! HE... HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA TEAR MY HEAD OFF WITH THEM TEETH OF HISN...



ATTA BOY, BLACK JACK! BRING HIM BACK HERE, WHERE HE BELONGS!

W-WELL... I'LL BE FRIED IN GREASE-PAT! THAT THERE CAUSE OF YOURS SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND BETTERN HUMANS DO!



YOU'LL BE WORSE THAN BOILED IN OIL AND FRIED IN GREASE-PAT, SHERIFF, IF YOU DON'T GET THAT JAIL OF YOURS FIXED UP RIGHT AWAY! THE TOWN COUNCIL WILL BE TALKING OF A TAR AND FEATHER PARTY...

I... I GULP... BEGON TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, ROCKY! I'LL START WORK PROMPTO! LOOK! FOR ME THAT HORSE OF YOURS WASN'T A PRISONER HERE... I'D NEVER HAVE KEPT A SMART CRITTER LIKE HIM LOOKED UP!



END

# MYSTERY TRAIL

The little group of ranchers sitting on the porch of the Whitman Hotel in the Western town of Dryrock were in excited conversation. It was only two days before the Dryrock Jubilee, celebrating the high, adventurous past of the old ranching town. But nobody was talking about the Jubilee. Bill Tuffin, last of the regulars (who habitually took the sun out on the hotel veranda) to arrive, made an exclamation.

"You mean the Sheriff's out after a real outlaw?"

Ted Werndt nodded.

"Real bad man, too, I heard. First we've had in twenty years." He stopped his knee. "I told you the Old West wasn't dead yet!"

Jim Ridgely smiled at Bob Kenner, the last of the group.

"Well, I don't know how much deader it could get," he commented amiably and stopped. Everyone, following Bill Tuffin's animated gaze was staring down the street. On his big bay horse, Sheriff Mark Hawley came riding slowly toward them. In front of him, on another horse, was a dejected-looking man with his hands tied behind him. The Sheriff swept past, nodded to the group briefly and continued on to the jail. He returned minutes later, his long face looking sadder than usual.

"Who was it, Sheriff?" Bill Tuffin asked. "Some real bad guy?"

"Bad guy!" snorted Hawley dejectedly. "Why, he didn't do nothin' worse than skip out of the Riata Saloon without payin' for his drinks. Bartender asked me to ride out after him, and I did. He'll pay his bill and get a week in jail in the bargain." Hawley paused, glancing 'round the streets at the brightly-colored decorations hung from the light poles. His face grew longer, and he sighed. "The West ain't what it used to be, gentlemen. Today, a Western lawman gets about as much excitement as an agency for finding lost fountain pens!" He glanced 'round the group. "Thought that varmint was a real lobo, hey?" Then he grinned. "Well, that's what rumor does. I reckon the whole town's hopin' for some kind of excitement 'round the Jubilee. It'll do business good—the town needs money!"

"Sheriff, the Old West ain't dead yet, like I was sayin'," Ted Werndt broke in, hopefully.

"Ted, you take my word for it—she's dead alright." Mark Hawley sighed. "These ain't the days of Bill Breckenridge, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp or lawmen like those. And particularly they're not the days of Black Bart, Hoyt Brenner, Jesse James or road-agents like them."

"Somethin' might liven up things," Bill Tuffin put in.

"Well, I'd give anything to get a chance to do some real, old-time lawman work," Hawley sighed. Then he grinned. "Of course, gentlemen, I'm only funnin'!" He reached into his pocket, took out a bright golden badge, removed his old tin-star and hooked it on his shirt. "Had it made special for the Jubilee. I reckon you gents will be dressin' up pretty—chaps, rowels, guns, all that kind of fancy dress." And when the ranchers had all nodded, he continued. "Might as well have a well-dressed time at this Jubilee. Reckon any kind of masquerade to bring back the spirit of old times is in order!" He rose. "Well, I gotta high-tail it in an hour 'over to Frank Stone's spread."

"Something up?" Bill Tuffin asked eagerly.

"No," Sheriff Hawley said with almost a wry smile. "Some kids from town busted a couple of windows in Frank's fadder barn, and he wants me to find out the ones who did it. Adios, gentlemen."

Hawley went back to his office, cleaned up some paper work, then mounted his horse and rode out of town toward Frank Stone's.

The sun was dropping behind the Western hills when he reached the half-way mark to the spread. When it was gone, he struck spurs and rounded the bend in the road. Instantly, with an oath, he drew rein.

"What the ....!" he began.

In front of him the road had been blocked with a crude barricade constructed of tumbleweed and sage brush. As he paused, got off his horse to remove it, he heard the beat of hoofs approaching. Nearer and nearer they came. Sheriff Hawley looked about him. The plain was strewn with immense boulders, but he couldn't see hide nor hair of any horse in the dim twilight.

He was bending over the barricade, preparatory to removing it when a chilling chuckle broke from behind him.

"Reach, Sheriff!" he said. "And don't turn

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

your head. You might lose it!"

Howley froze instantly, as he felt the cold muzzle of a gun sticking into his spine. A hand came from behind him, crept over his shoulder and swiftly removed the new, golden tin-stor.

"Nice little trinket—specially when it's melted down for money!" the ghostly voice said. "Keep your head turned, Sheriff. And remember—The 'Avenger!'"

Howley, prudently keeping still, heard footsteps retreat back of him, then the sound of hoofbeats. Instantly he whirled—to find nothing!

The Avenger, he thought, musing. Puzzlement showed on his face as he saw the empty, boulder-strewn desert before him. But avenging what? And where had the Avenger gone?

He got on his horse, peered around for a few moments fruitlessly. He knew the footsteps had retreated back of him, back toward Dryrock as had the hoofbeats. He rode back a few miles, but saw nothing. Then he resumed his way toward Frank Stone's ranch.

When he got there, he found Stone in a rage.

Somebody, it seemed, had crept up on Stone in the dark out in the ranchyard and stolen his gold watch.

"And when I looked 'round—he wasn't there at all!" Stone said. "Feller called himself....."

"The Avenger?" Howley asked glumly. "Yeah, I know."

After telling his story, over a good supper, he promised rancher Stone to adjust the matter of the fodder barn's broken windows and then returned to town. In front of his office, he found a hopping-mad Walt Gummidge. Walt was Dryrock station-master. He had a familiar story to tell. The Avenger had stolen a ring.

By the next afternoon the rumors of The Avenger had spread to neighboring towns. By the time the Jubilee opened, thousands, attracted by the excitement, were pouring into the Dryrock fair grounds. Howley glanced at the crowds pouring past his office and grunted. Human nature, he concluded, was bearable, but odd. The very kind of badmon the ancestors of the local folk had abominated was now an object of curiosity because of his rarity. The Sheriff had spent all that afternoon scouring the neighboring spreads and desert, but found nothing. Just before sundown he arrived back in town to attend the opening Jubilee dance at the town hall.

He found himself tying up his horse alongside Frank Stone and Walt Gummidge, both

commiserating with each other on their losses. All three men hung their coats in the cloak room because of the warmth and went into the hall with their families.

"Any line on The Avenger?" Stone asked anxiously.

Howley shook his head; the others walked away angrily. A few minutes later, as the music began, the Sheriff met both men again in front of the punch bowl. Suddenly, all three froze. They heard the sound of familiar hoofbeats.

Stone and Gummidge looked out the windows.

"Not out the windows! Inside the hall!" Howley shouted, "and I'm making an arrest!" He dashed through the dancers toward a door at the end of the hall where a man was dancing a solo called the Mule Jig. In time to the music, Howley drew his gun.

Instantly the music stopped; people stared in astonishment.

"Soun as I heard those hoofbeats on-stage and remembered what you'd said a couple days ago, I figured it could only be you, Ted!" The Sheriff said grimly. "I'm lockin' you up as of now! I suppose you hid your horse each time you made a robbery, then danced those hoofbeats up to me, Frank and Walt, snatched the valuables, danced away until it was safe to come out of hiding and rode away!"

"That's right, Sheriff!" Rancher Ted Wendt admitted. "I figured playing The Avenger would help bring back old times partly—and drum up business and excitement. And it did! Besides, you yourself said that any kind of masquerade to bring back the old spirit was okay. And part of that spirit was excitement!"

"But you're guilty of keepin' stolen goods!" Howley burst out.

"But I ain't!" Ted Wendt said, and the whole hall gasped. "Bill!" He called to Bill Tuffin. "Go in the cloakroom and bring back what you find in Mork's, Frank's and Walt's coat pockets!"

Bill came back, goggle-eyed, with the Sheriff's gold tin-stor, Stone's watch and Gummidge's diamond ring. Again the hall gasped.

"I put 'em back just a few minutes ago!" Wendt grinned, handing them over. "Then I danced the Mule Jig as a give-away signal. I figured you'd catch on, Sheriff. You proved when you did, that the spirit of the Old West isn't dead, like I said it wasn't. After all, the West is more than badmen. It's also the smart lawmen who got rid of 'em for good—and just have to worry now about busted windows!"

THE END

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

## ROPING 'N' RIDING

# Allen "Rocky" Lane

## AND BLACK JACK

HONKY PARTNERS:

IT'S MIGHTY FINE TO BE RIDIN' YOUR WAY AGAIN THIS MONTH, RECKON THERE'S NOTHIN' A FELLA GETS TO LIKE BETTER THAN MAKIN' PALAVERN' WITH GOOD FRIENDS. YOU KNOW, PARDS, WHEN I THINK OF PALAVERN' WITH ALL THE GANGS SOMETHIN' THAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY COMES TO MY MIND.

I WAS AMBLIN' DOWN THE TRAIL JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PECOS JUNCTION, WHEN I OPENED IT MIGHT BE A GOOD THING TO HOLE UP AT THE T-BAR-T RANCH FOR SOME GRUB, AND AT THE SAME TIME SEE AN OLD PARDS AT THE PLACE.

WELL, SIR, NO SOONER HAD I REINED UP NEAR THE CORRAL OF THE T-BAR-T THAN MY OLD BUDDIES JOSH WESTON AND SHORTY CAME A-RUNNIN' OUT TO MEET ME. SEEMS JOSH AND SHORTY HAD BEEN SWEATIN' ALL DAY TRYIN' TO BUST A NEW BUNCH OF BRONCS, THE BOYS SURE WERE FLAMIN' TIRED, SO THEY WAS ANXIOUS TO STOP FOR A BIT AND GET IN A GOOD JAW-CHOMPIN' SESSION WITH ME. PARDS, BEFORE YOU COULD ROLL OFF A LOG, THEM TWO BOYS WERE IN ONE TERRIFIC RACAS ABOUT WHICH FELLA HAD BUSTED THE MOST BRONCS IN HIS LIFE. SHORTY SAID THAT THERE WASN'T ANOTHER COWPOKE IN THOSE PARTS THAT COULD RIDE A BRONC LIKE HE DID. YOU KNOW, PARTNERS, I FELT MIGHTY BAD TO SEE THESE BOYS YELLIN' AND CALLIN' EACH OTHER LOOO OOTTERS.

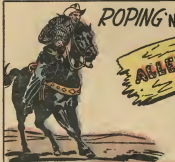
BELIEVE ME, PARDS, FRIENDS ARE THE MOST PRECIOUS THING A FELLA CAN HAVE. BUT I'LL LET YOU IN ON SOMETHIN'. ONE SURE WAY TO LOSE A GOOD PAL IS TO BRAG THAT YOU CAN DO SOMETHIN' BETTER THAN HIM IN FRONT OF A THIRD PERSON.

NOW LIKE I SAID, PALAVERN' AMONG FRIENDS IS RIGHT FINE. BUT NOBODY LIKES AN HOMBER FOR A FRIEND WHO IS ALWAYS BOASTING INSTEAD OF JUST TALKIN' FRIENDLY AND QUIET LIKE.

SO UNTIL NEXT TIME, FOLKS, TALK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG AMOUNT OF MODESTY IN YOUR PALAVERN'.

YOUR PALS,

Allen "Rocky" Lane  
AND BLACK JACK U



## COLONEL CORN AND JAWBONES JEFFERS

IN "HERO'S REWARD!"

WHO'S THAT RIDING DOWN THE ROAD....WHY, IT'S THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN AND ANOTHER HOMER! HAHAHA, THAT CRITTER WITH THE DARK GLASSES LOOKS FAMILIAR! WHY, I KNOW WHO HE IS...HE'S THE GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY!



IT'S PECULIAR THAT HE SHOULD BE WEARING DARK GLASSES NOW THAT THE SUN IS DOWN! I WONDER WHY....WAIT! I OPINE I KNOW! HE DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO RECOGNIZE HIM!



THAT MUST BE IT! HE PROBABLY CAME HYAR FOR A FEW DAYS' REST AT THE MAYOR'S HOME AND DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW WHO HE IS SO THEY WON'T PESTER HIM!



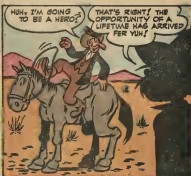
HUH? I HEAR SOMEONE ELSE RIDING THIS WAY....OH, IT'S COLONEL CORN, THE TRANSPLANTED SOUTHERNER! HE SURE IS A SILLY GALLOOT!



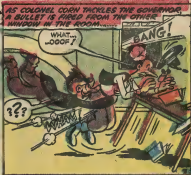
GAY, I JUST GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA! I KNOW HOW TO PLAY A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE ON THE COLONEL! HA, HA, WILL I MAKE A FOOL OUT OF HIM!



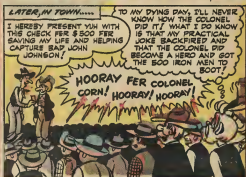
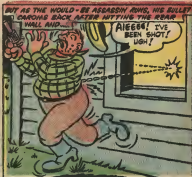
# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# Rocky in "STORM WARNING"



WEATHER-EYE IKE RECKONS ON JOINING UP WITH THE ELEMENTS AGAINST THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER-AND DOES. BUT HE FAILS TO RECKON WITH THE BULL-DOG TENACITY AND GRIM COURAGE OF ROCKY LANE, WHO MEETS THE DREAD CHALLENGE WITH A BIT OF "SAVVY" OF HIS OWN TO BRING A SIX-GUN SHOWDOWN TO A SLAMMING FINISH IN THE SMASHING DRAMA OF "STORM WARNING"

ROCKY LANE, TWO-FISTED, FIGHTING, YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL SCOUTS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY LATE ONE FALL....

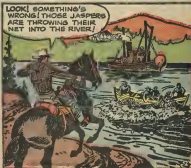
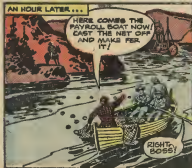
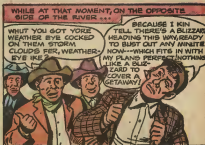
EASY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! LOOK AT THOSE SALMON HEADING DOWN STREAM! THAT MEANS THE SALMON FISHING SEASON IS ON!



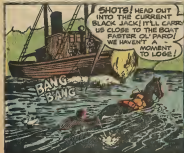
LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF MONEY AMONG THE FISHERMEN NOW AND MONEY HAS A WAY OF ATTRACTING TROUBLE LIKE MONEY DRAWS FLIES!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



A CABIN! THIS TIME I'VE GOT THEM! THEIR BRONCOS ARE OUTSIDE THE CABIN!



THE DOOR IS OPEN! SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG WITH THIS SET-UP!



A ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIE?? THE TRAIL MUST HAVE LED PLUMB ACROSS THE BORDER INTO CANADA!

HH-HELP!



EASY DOES IT! LET ME HELP YOU INTO YOUR BUNK! WHAT HAPPENED?

A BAND OF RENEGADES JUMPED ME AND HIT ME OVER THE HEAD BEFORE I COULD GET MY GUN OUT! THEY STOLE MY DOG-SLESH AND DROVE AND MADE OFF INTO THE STORM!



YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT ON THIS BUNK UNTIL I GET BACK...WITH THOSE WARMINTS!

YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM IN THIS BLIZZARD ON HORSEBACK!



I DON'T AIM TO! I'LL LEAVE BLACK JACK HERE WITH YOU WHILE I BORROW THESE SKIS AND TAKE AFTER THOSE MURDERERS ALONE!

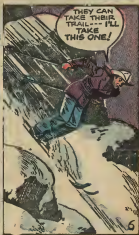
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE PLenty OF COURAGE TO TRACK THEM SINGLE-HANDED!



I RECKON THESE SKIS, MY ROPE AND GUNS ARE ALL I'LL BE NEEDING. GEORGE I START OUT AFTER THEM, THOUGH, I WANT YOU TO DO ME ONE FAVOR!

ANYTHING YOU ASK WILL BE GRANTED!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

JUST AS I RECKONED! THERE  
HEADING RIGHT FOR  
THAT FROZEN STREAM!



HOW TO ROPE ONE OF  
THESE CARIBOU CRITTERS--  
LIKE THIS!



WHENEVER CARIBOU ARE  
SPOOKED UP, THEY ALWAYS HEAD  
FOR A FROZEN STREAM  
BECAUSE THEIR HOOFS ARE  
NATURAL 'ICE SKATES', AND  
ON ICE THEY CAN REACH  
THAT SPEED THAT'LL  
OUTDISTANCE THE  
FLEETEST WOLF PACK!



AND THAT BIT OF 'SAVVY' IS GOING TO  
GET ME AROUND THIS MOUNTAIN IN A  
POWERFUL HURRY FOR A SHOWDOWN I'M  
PLUMB ITCHING TO CALL!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

WE GOT AWAY CLEAN  
JUST LIKE I FIGURED  
WE WOULD! NOW TO  
HEAD FOR THE YUKON  
AND GRAB SOME  
MORE EASY PICKINGS!



YUH SHORE  
ARE Slick  
WEATHER-EYE!  
HAW! HAW!  
TAKING THAT  
MOUNTAIN DOGS  
AND BLEIGH WAS  
A SMART MOVE!

SUDDENLY---

WHERE DO YOU  
MAVERICKS THINK  
YOU'RE GOING?



T-THE LAW MAN  
--- OOF  
GET HIM!

DROP THOSE  
GUNS!

M-MY GUN---  
OUCH!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



**ROCKY LANE'S  
HORSE,  
'BLACK JACK'  
APPEARS IN HIS  
OWN FULL LENGTH  
STORY WITH  
ROCKY LANE  
IN  
SIX-GUN HEROES  
NOW AT YOUR  
LOCAL NEWSSTAND**



**Now! The Amazing Facts about**

# BALDNESS

**...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT**



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from disease of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

**BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.**

This disease is called *Seborrhea* and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.
2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness at the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — *staphylococcus albus*, *pytiorporus ovale*, and *acnes bacillus*.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, one and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medical Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medical Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to trust themselves of Comate Medical Formula.



**DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES**  
Caused By Seborrhea

A — Good healthy B — Hair-destroying bacteria C — Hypertrophied sebaceous gland D — Atrophic follicles

## A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medical Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I used Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends hang around my hair and they all say it looks so much better."  
—Mrs. R.H.J., Greenboro, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff! my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."  
—J.E.M., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the fact is that I feel that it is a very real case of dry seborrhea."  
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."  
—M.M., Johnston, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."  
—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair feels thicker, not falling out like it used to. With it not be without Comate in the house."  
—S.W., Lendale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."  
—L.W.W., Greenville, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair."  
—T.J., Los Angeles, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and rewards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itching."  
—R.H., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out ever breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much."  
—Mrs. J.E., Linton, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medical Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$5.00, Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s



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—J.S., Calif.



T.M., Atlas Cup Winner: "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion."



A.H.—Karl—Atlas Cup Winner.



"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them."  
—D.P., Ind.



"When I started your course I weighed only 145. Now weigh 175."  
—T.R., New York.



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you."  
—W.D., New York.



"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal), 2 1/2" expanded."  
—F.S., N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS,  
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Over a first prize! Will be given to pupil who makes greatest physical improvement in next 3 months.

*Charles Atlas*

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115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book, "Evolving Health and Strength" — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write plainly)

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ If under 14 years of age, check here for booklet A.

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Rank your name and address on coupon and ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big name, 9¢/1, richly decorated Montons. On Treat! When you have used the 24 Montons, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can win a wonderful prize. If you prefer to EARN MONEY send \$8.40 and keep \$3.40. HURRY, send TODAY for 1 Montons ON TREAT and a PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

Please rush to me on receipt 38 Redgum Wall Motion, to sell at the cash. Also include my Price Catalog. Free. I will not ask amount asked within 30 days, select a price or keep such consideration, as explained under description of prize is BID PRICE CATALOG. (10/10/10, 10/10/10)

Save 1 cent filling in, peeling and rustling this coupon  
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Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious Motion  
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